

## JACOB GALLOPER IN THE COUNTRY.

## HE DISCOURSETH OF DOGS.

My last communication was somewhat mortuary—relating to dogs, that, like Hiawatha, paddled their own canoe to the land of the here-after, and called at our wharf by the way. Since I have been in the country, and, more especially, since I have retired in disgust from aquatic sports, I have had ample opportunity of observing "bow wow," in a state of animated nature. As I before intimated, we abound in dogs. Canine society in a country village is a very fair reflection of village society in general. Every dog knows every other dog's business, and meddles with it as far as he dares. On the other hand, there are occasions of a domestic nature, when all meet on a common ground of neutrality; and periods of excitement are so rare, that, when they do occur, every dog within hail believes it his duty to attend, and sinks for the time, all private feuds and minor differences. A cow getting out from her pasture; a horse at large in the street, or a pig in a garden, are all deemed subjects for canine police-interference; and the erring quadruped is immediately charged by a pack of black Cossacks, that rush from alleys and back yards, until the puzzled brute after shewing fight with horns or heels, is again restored to the path of duty. The dogs then retire with a self-satisfied air, as if conscious that they have rendered the state some service. I never was an enthusiast with respect to dogs—perhaps from a constitutional antipathy to being licked. Why a dog should imagine that his poking a cold wet nose into your hand is an indication of personal regard, I never could understand. There are three dogs attached to our establishment,—that being the average allowance in our village. "Fangs," a fine cross, between a Mount St. Bernard and a mastiff. "Figs," a nondescript black-and-tan little cur, with a bob-tail, and of uncertain age; and "Towser," a Newfoundland pup, at present engaged in the intellectual occupation of cutting his teeth,—a process in which he derives much aid and consolation from various old boots that he keeps under the cupboard. Beneath a solid exterior, Towser conceals an obstinacy of will and knowledge of his own interests, remarkable in so young a dog. Trundle him down the kitchen-steps twelve times, and the thirteenth, he will mount the breach with an expression of injured innocence, such as puppydom alone can assume. As to getting him out for a ramble with the other dogs,—not for Joseph. Turn your back on him after he has been coaxed a dozen yards outside the garden-fence, and forthwith he may be seen making a retrograde movement at a canter towards the kitchen. The best way is to carry him by the "scruff of the neck," and confuse his notions of geography, by pitching him abruptly among the long grass. Then, he is obliged to follow; but he does it under protest with a droll bark. In a short time he tumbles over into a drain, whence he emerges all covered with mud. This affords him some consolation, and gratifies his prophetic feelings: for he sits on his haunches and looks up, as much as to say, "There, now, you would make me come, and you see what has come of it." The next moment his fat form is whirling slowly through the air on its way to the adjacent pond. "Towser" is a puppy in every sense of the word. There is an unconscious presumptuousness about him which constitutes the very essence of puppyism both in men and dogs. He is ready to take the most extraordinary familiarities on the shortest acquaintance, and is, consequently, forever getting involved in trouble. Not a morning passes that he does not risk his eyes through interfering with the arrangements of the poultry-yard, and ignominiously turn tail before the fury of some dowager hen. There is a ludicrous affectation of wisdom in his infantine bark, but his whine is positively exasperating, and always procures him a licking.

"Fangs" is a tall, wiry-looking dog, buff in colour, with a handsome face, and a black muzzle. He is the *major domo* of the establishment—the canine Reeve of the village, carrying his dignities with an easy air, as a well-bred dog should do. His deportment to visitors at the front door, and beggars at the back, is characterized by a fine discrimination; but I am rather afraid the temptations of office are undermining his moral character, as I shall presently show.

My last portrait is that of "Figs," to whom I have already alluded as a small, ancient, scrubby black-and-tan, with uncropt ears, and a bob-tail turned up with white. A stronger contrast than between "Figs" and "Fangs" could hardly be imagined. Perhaps that is the reason they are inseparable companions. "Figs" is Magistrate's Clerk and general henchman to "Fangs." Besides being a shrewd worldly dog, he has a strong supernatural side to his character, and that is the reason I called him "Figs," after the name of the prophet. He has, in fact, certain *Obi* attributes about him. He seldom associates with other dogs ("Fangs" excepted), and then only in an official capacity, when he is both noisy and imperious. Left to himself, however, he is quite a different dog. There he stands outside, sniffing the air with his nose in every possible direction, as if he were making the most profound meteorological observations, and with a look as patient and careworn as if he had the whole concerns of the village on his mind. Having satisfied himself on these points, he next makes an acoustic examination, and consults the sounds which come, like so many telegraphic despatches, from distant cows, pigs, and children. All right there, too; and now he looks down towards the street. One ear at last goes up, and he scurries off after some vagrant dog, or a cat, that has momentarily left the domestic hearth. "Figs" has, moreover, strange dietary habits. He eats flies, I know; and,

as he is perpetually haunting a low, marshy pond out in the fields, I have my suspicions about frogs. There is one dog in the village, that lives on snakes, and I have little doubt, that Figs would be perfectly satisfied to board with him. To watch Figs and his master make a progress through the village, is amusing. Every dog is overhauled. Transitory dogs, on legitimate objects of travel, are curiously inspected; dogs with a local habitation and a name, briefly saluted. I have already hinted, that there were doubts as to the moral character of Fangs, and the way in which my suspicions were confirmed was as follows: One evening I was up the fields with the two dogs, who were beating about at a canter, when suddenly a fine young Newfoundland came through the fence, with a bran-new bone, which he had just received from the butcher. His Honor, Fangs, immediately wanted to know all about the bone, and, in another instant, Figs came up breathless, and seized hold of the victim's bushy tail. The strange dog at once dropped the bone to defend this ornament of his person, when Fangs coolly seized the booty, dropped all his magisterial airs and returned into the long grass with his prize. Thus was a bare-faced highway robbery committed by a magistrate and his clerk, under colour of the law, in broad daylight, and this confirmed my opinion as to the immoral character of Fangs, though I have no doubt, he felt perfectly satisfied that the Newfoundland had stolen the bone!

So much for our dogs, but alas! for our sleep! Figs's favourite nocturnal amusement, is besieging a cat on a gallery, when he will bark for two hours at a time, immediately under my window. This is sure to waken Fangs in an adjoining room, who delivers a growling malediction on cats in general! Then, Towser is disturbed, and what with nightmare, and being lost in the dark, the young good-for-nothing tumbles about the floor, whining hideously. Sleep is of course impossible, and there is nothing for it but to sally out with a whip. Up I spring—give Fangs a passing cut,—chase Towser to his stronghold under the cupboard, following him up with a flying boot, and then rush madly on Figs, who is dimly apparent, just out of reach. The brute is wagging his tail by way of apology, and shying the whip at him in despair, I return to bed. Promising you another note shortly, I remain meanwhile,

Yours truly,

JACOB GALLOPER.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

"I seek divine simplicity in him  
Who handles things divine."—*Crafter*.

MY DEAR DIO:

No one can have more respect for the teachers of religion than myself, especially when they resemble that beautiful picture of almost divine simplicity drawn by Goldsmith in his "Deserted Village"; but when Ministers and Elders hold themselves, and are held up, as demi-gods, whose actions are not to be censured or spoken of by the outside world (see remarks of *Montreal Telegraph's* correspondent, "An Elder"), we are taken back into the days of old pagan divinity, when the hero was worshipped more than the hero's Master, and we cease to give them that respect which is due to every true and humble steward of His Mysteries. "An Elder" seems to think that to pourtray "grave and godly ministers and elders" is a very heinous crime. I fear that the majority of persons present at the '67 or '68 organ-debate in the Canada Presbyterian Church did not come away very deeply impressed with the Christian charity and forbearance,—much less the gravity, of a number of the gentlemen who took part in it. "An Elder's" closing remarks look like what we read of in ancient English history, when the Druids had such a power over the people that they even went the length of borrowing money from them, to be returned in Hades; and the time when the clergy can dictate to the people what they are, and are not to read (particularly in regard to themselves), is, I trust, numbered with the "days that are no more."

When we see more of "St. Paul's perfection" inside the Church, and have fewer Ministers and Elders who think so much about forms and rituals, in place of the salvation of souls, we will probably see greater reforms and less inclination to "caricature" them.

Yours truly,

TASSIE.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOLO.—Much obliged. Will endeavour to use the sketches. Try your hand at the grotesque.